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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY



ELLIOT

March

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ST. LOUIS,
MO.

Camille

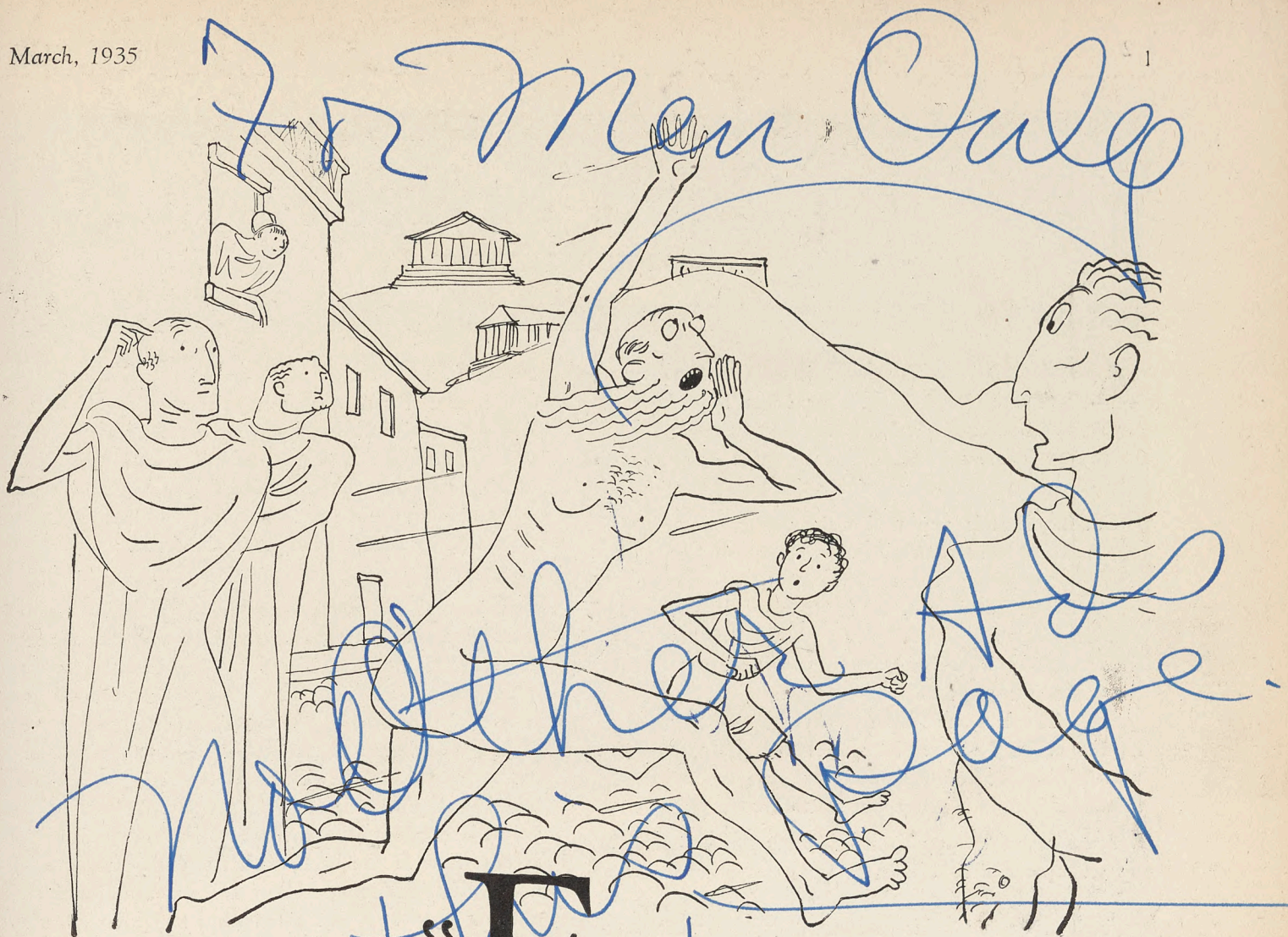


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How to detect the alloy in Hiero's golden crown! Archimedes pondered long — then solved this hydrostatic problem while he was in his bath.

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Coed Styles

by MARIAM HYMAN

AS SPRING will be blowing along in a month or so, I thought it would be a good idea to end up this season with a recipe of mid-winter pick-me-ups. Ingredients: the following outfits. Recipe service: any gals on our fair campus.

Pauline Bartels appeared quite attractive the other day in a black cloth coat (not too heavy—not too light) with a glowing brown mink collar. It's perfectly scrumptious! This fluff of fur sort of kids you into thinking it's a cape—but it isn't, it's simply a wide, one-piece collar (and so I've heard, cape effects in any length from shoulder to hem are enormously important this year). The buttons fasten down the side giving that certain military effect. Her black hat was one of the new off-the-face bonnets. The turn upness, turn down-ness of this style is really very flattering.

Speaking of snappy dressers, Betty Noland is right up on top the list. She came forth the other morning in the best looking sweater and skirt outfit. That old saying, "Simplicity adds to charm," certainly shows its true meaning here. The brown skirt was a plain rough wool, and the Brook sweaters were both on very simple lines. The top sweater was a cross between tomato and rose, while the under sweater faded off to a pale pink. The color scheme may not sound so exciting—but you should see it—it's a honey!

Another good looking school ensemble is one that is worn by Jane Stern. Her short sleeved turquoise blue sweater is one which would especially appeal to the "knitting nit-wits," which we find in every nook and corner of our campus. It's a stocking knit—shirt waist style—a yoke of horizontal ribs, and the rest vertical ribs. There are three little beige wooden buttons at the neck of the sweater, which match her skirt of small beige and brown checks.

The Pan-Hellenic bridge gave a glimpse of smart afternoon clothes worn by students, mothers and alumnae. One particularly attractive model which was worn by Helen Ross was a flame of colored satin—back crepe. It had a square yoke of the satin, while the dull crepe fashioned the skirt. The wide stitched belt came to a high point in the front, and three little kick pleats peeked out from the seams at each side. The sleeves were of satin to the elbow and were split down several inches from the shoulder. Her accessories were black shoes and a black brimmed felt hat.

There were really some good-looking outfits at the Kerevin sisters' tea last Saturday afternoon. Betsy

Howell looked exceptionally smart in a black crepe skirt and a tunic of rust colored crepe shot with gold threads. It had a cowl neckline, long dolman sleeves tied at the wrists, and gold buttons down the back and at the wrists. Her shoes were black kid T-straps, and her hat was another popular off-the-face style—black, of course, with a perky little bow right in the front.

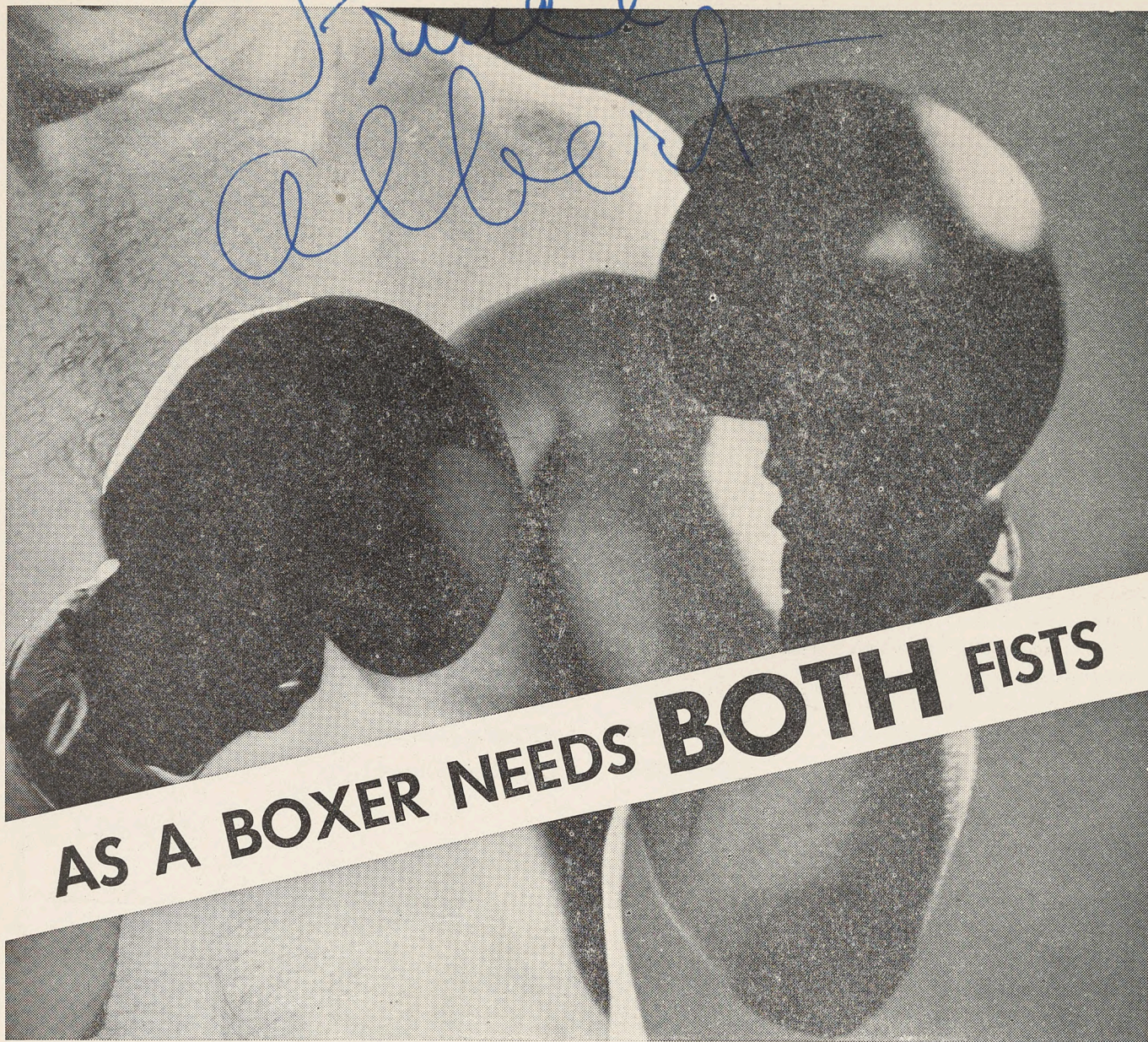
I've been hearing about some of the breath-taking formals at the Kappa dinner dance. They tell me Lois Simcoke looked simply stunning in a chartreuse colored crepe formal. One of the latest fashioned styles, giving a new mixture of old fashioned sweetness and new-fangled daringness. It has a tunic, and the high waisted bodice is slightly gathered onto the skirt. The back is cut very low, and the skirt gives a dipping effect in the back, as it gracefully ends in a train. A wide brown velvet sash adds to the softness of the lines, and ties into a huge bow in the back, with the ends trailing to the floor. Maellen Staub, so they say, was a perfect knockout in a gown of sophisticated white rough crepe. There was no back in this creation—and listen to this—it had wide quilted revers in the front which continued around the back, forming a neat little collar—tricky isn't it? Practically the only colors were those of the brilliant shades of the flowers at the point where the revers meet in the front—the colors ranging from a deep purple to a bright red—a taste of the forecasts for spring!

But while spring is on its way here—there's still ice and snow in New Hampshire. The famous Dartmouth winter carnival at Hanover was a most exciting event for Margaret Cornwell and Ruth Harrison, a couple of our campus playmates. We hear Ruth was seen about Hanover in a very striking ski-suit of brown corduroy. The coat was fitted in at the waist, and was trimmed at the neck with a tan woolen wrap around scarf which matched the tan bands around the ankles of the pants. With this, she wore a matching tan wool turtle-neck sweater, tan woolen gloves and socks, and a jaunty little tan cap. Oh for the north! Why don't we know more Dartmouth men?

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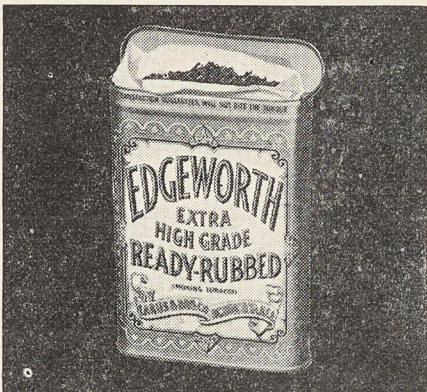
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EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

Washington University

• ELIOT •

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• OFF THE RECORD •

Private Life

This little incident took place some time ago when M. Philippe Soupault, French author, lectured at the University. Professor Howes was showing M. Soupault the points of interest, what there are of them, on the campus. M. Soupault had just been shown the new journalism laboratory in Eads. As the professor and the writer were walking down the corridor of Eads, M. Soupault saw a sign a few doors down that read "Student Life Office."

"What is that?" asked the Monsieur.

"Oh, that—that's the old office," said the Professor.

"I want to go down there," said Soupault.

"You've seen everything there is to see already," said Howes.

"I want to know what goes on in that office," a note of professional curiosity creeping into M. Soupault's voice.

"But—" According to Professor Howes, it was then that he saw the light. He said, "Student Life is the name of the campus newspaper."

"Oh," said M. Soupault, rather disappointed. "Then I am not interested."

Sic Tempora Mutantur!

We had always thought that in spite of anything that might happen in this changing world of ours, with its Flaunting of Tradition and its Not Too Nice Problems, there would remain one stronghold of respectability where we could turn to find solace and calm. Alas, the stronghold is fallen. Mrs. Martha Carr, who has always been as respectable as anyone's maiden aunt, has taken to using the language of the illiterati.

Wrote Mrs. Carr, in the Post-Dispatch the other day: "I think your old lady has very sound ideas and has given you very good advice. . . ."

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!

Abnormal Psychological Note

Something always happens when the class in abnormal psychology takes its trip down to Arsenal Street, and something happened this year too. The class was sitting in a large room, listening to a lecture by the director (or whatever they call him).

"The next case I'm going to show you," he said, "has a manic-depressive psychosis. Her condition fluctuates. Every once in a while she runs up and down the ward, throwing things at the patients. Then she has to be held down. The next moment she is depressed and very sorry for what she has done. She walks about with a sad expression on her face. Now I'll have her brought—"

The door opened and, her face flushed from the hasty

trip down and from fear that she would be too late to see the show, Georgea Flynn careened madly into the room.

Lest We Forget

During the past few months Student Life has been so busy with Health Hints, Hollywood News, Between Classes, and patting itself on the back, that it has had no time for the annual Boorstin Bachanalia of the Publications. Every year around this time all the old Boorstin jokes are taken out, dusted off, and displayed for the freshmen.

But we have a new one about the Colonel—it took place at the Students' Gate of Francis Field on the night of one of the last football games. The Colonel was standing around, seeing that everything went off smoothly, when someone asked him what line of the activity book he (someone) should sign. Colonel Boorstin, always ready to make jokes, replied, "On your bald head, where you t'ink?" He failed to hear a listener's in retort excellent: "That's one on you, Colonel."

Story Contest

This year, according to tradition, Eliot has again decided to stand up on its hind legs and sponsor what Story Magazine calls the COLLEGE SHORT STORY CONTEST. This contest, besides giving Story about \$5,000 worth of advertising for \$150, will give two college authors a \$100 first prize and a \$50 second prize and an entree into publication circles. According to the rules, stories must be from 1,500 to 6,000 words in length and should be turned in to the Eliot office or members of the English Department by April 1. Two stories will be chosen by the faculty committee, to be sent on to Story. Stories printed in the Eliot or any school publication are eligible.

Philharmonic Note

The town of Oskaloosa (State, Iowa; Color, brown) slept silently among the wheatfields in a condition of placid serenity that comes only to Iowa. Then the swimming team, homeward bound from Grinnell and Iowa State, swarmed in, looking for its dinner. The first meal out of training—aah! In honor of the occasion, it formed ranks and paraded about the village square, to the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" (no sharps, no flats) played on a harmonica, with all twenty reeds going full blast. The town heard—could it but hear?—and dispatched the police force to quell the riot. The force made his voice heard above the din (on the second attempt) and the parade proceeded silently to its dinner, leaving the town of Oskaloosa (Iowa) to slumber peacefully, once more, amid the wheatfields.

(Continued on Page 20)

OPERAS AND JEREMIAH

by MILDRED W. VAUGHAN

I ALWAYS did think operas were perfectly poisonous, I mean the ones where the hero looks like a barrel and the heroine makes you think of a cow, and they sing and screech around all over the stage and then fall down dead at the end; which I don't blame them for at all, they're probably worn out. The barrel either kills the cow, or vice versa, and then has to kill himself to make up for it, which I don't see how it does, at all. However, if they want to carry on like that, there is nothing I can do about it, but if anyone ever catches me going to one again, I hope they will make me eat a whole pound of big, fat black walnuts, which is what I hate the most of anything in this world. It was all because of an opera that all the trouble started, and there was quite a lot of agony for me even though it ended happily and not like on the stage where they all fall down dead. Because how was I to know that Ethelbert was going to be sitting in the same box with his great aunt, Miss Agatha Simms, who is an old school mate of my great aunt, Miss Mathilda Randolph, who I went with to the opera, because I always say that one should be kind and considerate to old folks who will

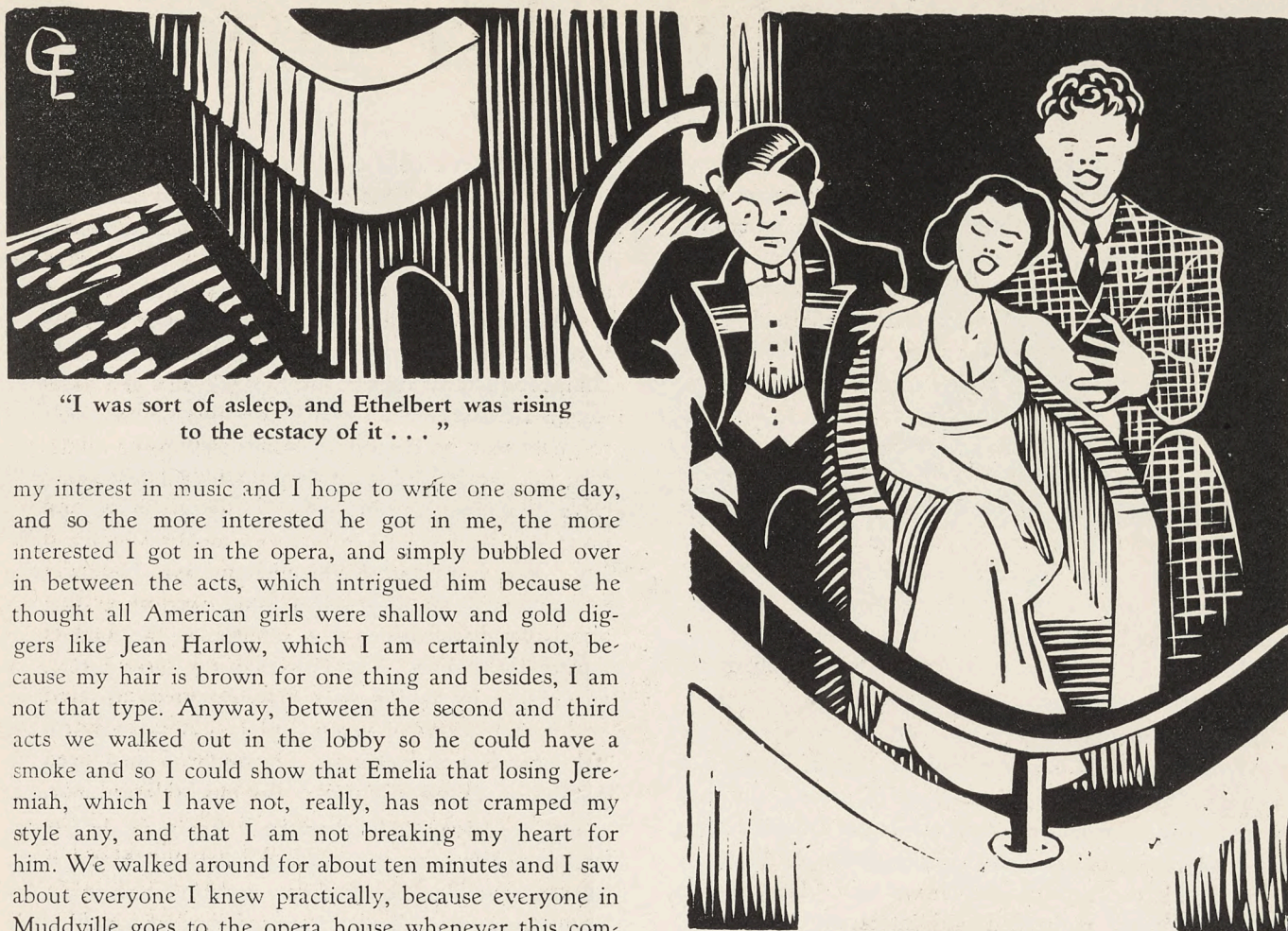
not be here much longer for us to be kind and considerate to. Well, of course, they talked about "the good old days," the aunts, I mean, and became quite hilarious for two old souls, over the time when they were all out on the roof of the dormitory in some sort of undergarment they called a "chemise," and they were taking sunbaths, which was strictly forbidden, and all the boys found out about it and got a buggy and came out to see the show. So then my womanly curiosity got a good hold and tugged, and I asked what was a chemise, because I thought it must be something pretty scandalous if they made such an awful fuss about it; and would you believe it they were down to the knees and had sleeves and a high neck, and the aunts actually blushed crimson! Well, Miss Agatha was just getting ready to open her mouth for a gentle "ha ha," in fact she did open it and looked sort of like a surprised goat, meaning no harm to the lady, because then my aunt Mathilda remembered that she had forgotten to introduce us, which she did then. Of course, I had been simply ga-ga to know who the handsome collar ad was, and then Ethelbert, who had been standing up all the time, poor thing, took my hand and actually kissed it right there in front of everybody. I was a little taken aback, but it was sort of nice when you looked at him, because he was so "distingue" like a man of the world, which always gives a girl a thrill if one looks at her.

Well, just about then the orchestra began the overture and we all scrambled around to get our seats, and when we finally got the aunts settled Ethelbert was sitting next to me and sort of in the shadow, which made him look mysterious as well as a man of the world, and just when I was looking him over he turned around and looked at me and I gave him my sweet-innocence smile which I thought looked very alluring with my off-the-face hat and my white ruffle collar. I guess it got him, too, because he practically stared through me for three acts.

I had decided to be very intellectual that afternoon and have the opera really interest me terribly because of



"And when the doorbell rang, I jumped a mile . . ."



"I was sort of asleep, and Ethelbert was rising to the ecstasy of it . . ."

my interest in music and I hope to write one some day, and so the more interested he got in me, the more interested I got in the opera, and simply bubbled over in between the acts, which intrigued him because he thought all American girls were shallow and gold diggers like Jean Harlow, which I am certainly not, because my hair is brown for one thing and besides, I am not that type. Anyway, between the second and third acts we walked out in the lobby so he could have a smoke and so I could show that Emelia that losing Jeremiah, which I have not, really, has not cramped my style any, and that I am not breaking my heart for him. We walked around for about ten minutes and I saw about everyone I knew practically, because everyone in Muddville goes to the opera house whenever this company comes to town, which is only about once every three years, but we are really a very intellectual and cultural town for all that, and know a good thing when it comes along. And did I forget to say that Ethelbert had been in Paris for five years, and, of course, everybody wanted to meet him and I felt sort of proud, like when I got my Persian cat, Ophelia.

Well, I was so busy being interested in the last act that before I knew it everybody was killed and the curtain went shut and it was all over, and they were saying good-bye to us and Ethelbert was kissing my hand again and asking to take me to the opera again next Wednesday. Before I realized just what I was saying I had said "Yes," and then the car came and my great aunt Mathilda swept me into it and said something about such a lovely young man, and such culture, but a little risqué and quite a sly fellow. Well, that simply intrigued me, and I thought of all I had been missing, wasting all my efforts on Jeremiah, who does not appreciate me, and when I thought it all over, it wasn't such a bad idea after all, even if it did include another opera, since I was sort of at loose ends, what with Jeremiah still away at military school learning how to wear a uniform and besides, having a little fling away from the home nest. When you take into consideration all these points and then add how good looking he was you come out 100 per cent to the good, which should be enough to satisfy any young thing. His hair was black and slick, the kind that looked like if you'd rub

your hand over it, it would squeak. His eyes were dark and "slumberous," but when he smiled they would "dart fire." His nose was straight and rather long and he had that dark, romantic look like in the movies. Also his hands were long and artistic and he clicked his heels together when he bowed, like a soldier, which I don't think he was, however. Well, I found out all I could about him from my great aunt, Mathilda, and sort of planned a campaign. It was a swell way to punish Jeremiah, which was my real motive deep down in my heart.

I made Mother buy me a new dress for the opera. It was blue and pretty snakey for me, and a good match for my eyes, and if I do say so, I looked "chic," which is what I wanted. Well, I simply went through agonies all Wednesday afternoon, fixing my nails, which were pretty grimy from Tuesday, when we went on a Botany trip out in the woods. Then after the nails I decided to try my eyebrows, which I thought looked rather like a forest, but Mother likes them thick and so do I now, because I practically went blind trying to do one and pinched my eyelids so that I had to give up, although I hate to be a quitter, and it did leave me a little lopsided. I did my hair up in curlers all over the back of my head and practically writhed all afternoon, which I didn't mind much, considering everything, but isn't it a scream what a woman will do to be beautiful? By

(Continued on page 19)

SOMEHOW WE GET THERE

by MILTON GOLDSTEIN

AMERICANS know little about politics and government. We seem amateurs by comparison with Europe. At times, we rant about ideals. We go to war to save the world for Democracy. We lend money to Europe and are ashamed to demand it back when foreign propagandists appeal to our better senses. We are impeding world recovery, they tell us; so we sit back content while they go on trying to collect their reparations. We lend millions of dollars to China to buy our products when we know we will never collect them. We give Europe the best idea of the century in the League of Nations and then proceed along our separate way. We desire to expand our export trade and raise our tariff barriers. Our bankers and public finance almost every enterprise of any size; yet we retain the most provincial of ideas. We speak of ideals while Europe proceeds along its selfish way. By contrast, Americans appear childish, immature.

But somehow, we get there. Of all the systems of the Continent, ours is second only to that of England, a country which has had a head start of several centuries in self government, a country no longer troubled with the wide variety of problems, of assimilation, of illiteracy, of economic development which we have. How do we do it? We are pigheaded and intolerant. Self complacent, we permit politicians to take advantage of us. We let Huey Long, Bilbo, Pendergast, and Farley continue to fleece us just as we allowed Mellon and Mills. Suddenly we bestir ourselves; we turn them out of office, electing an entirely new slate of candidates. Our interest remains transient. For a short time, we stand alert; then resume our former lethargy until a new set of circumstances arouses us again. We are swayed at one moment by powerful speeches. Discovering our mistake, we vow to remedy it. We refuse to listen to further talk and stubbornly plod along. Somehow, we get there.

We criticise ourselves. We note obvious blunders. When President Roosevelt seeks new powers, we question their constitutionality, rendering obeisance to a sacred document. We talk of the dangers of dictatorship. We mourn the passing of Democracy and wonder whether or not we are losing anything of value. We entertain foreign speakers and are pleased when they remind us of our defects. They know this and twit us about our isolationism, our selfishness, our immaturity. We take it all in, brood over it for awhile and then blithely proceed to forget it. By all standards, our educational system is imperfect, and some of its products hardly capable of elemental thought. They are good targets for cleverly-calculated propaganda schemes. But, somehow or other, the net result is not half bad.

Americans can talk. True, they may spend the night in jail, may be expelled from a university concerned with

the maintenance of American principles, or may incur social stigma as a consequence. But they are not shot for being political disturbers, rarely clubbed or slaughtered in wholesale lots. And they can always have recourse to the courts to protest their traditional rights.

Americans can write, too. Their work may be severely scrutinized for irregular moral content; but seldom, for political indictment. Immigrants are, at times, barred from entrance or citizenship because they refuse to go to war, to defend the Constitution, or salute the flag; but the publicity which the incident received indicates its rarity. The press may be limited by its advertisers and by financial interests in molding public opinion. We have our William Randolph Hearts, who boast of bringing the United States into war. But we also have liberal dailies who compete in the fight to influence the public. The Post-Dispatch loses part of its advertising by taking part in a campaign for stricter health regulations of certain foods. A reporter of the Baltimore Sun is discharged as a result of his alleged authorship of a particular book. But muckraking continues.

And we have a judicial system. Again, its defects are manifest. We have our Mooney cases, our Scopes trials; we have our lynchings and race riots in California. We have our juries bribed, terrorized, and confused. We have lawyers who work in collusion with the underworld. But this is the price Carl Citizen must pay for what he receives. He need not fear being lined up against a wall and shot in the Soviet Republic. He is not compelled to cloak his every word because of espionage as in Italy, Austria, and Germany.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, right to a free trial—all these political liberties, broadly speaking, we possess. We pay for them with the inefficiency and graft which Democracy is almost certain to have. Perhaps we can eradicate these evils. Munitions investigations reveal profiteering. Movements by barristers and doctors attempt to eliminate the misfits in their respective professions. But if we would have to choose between the two—Dictatorship and efficiency or Democracy and inefficiency—only an emotionally maddened, underprivileged mob could prefer the former.

We have found the strength of American institutions. Our criticism indicts certain weaknesses. Public opinion gradually works reform. We welcome foreign condemnation, if the critic has status, because we pride ourselves in our fleeting moments of dissension. We are confident of our power. No one has to lead us on to Washington to frighten our officials. It may take awhile for them to understand our wishes. Eventually, we have our way. We don't know where we're going. We solve our own problems as we come to them. We make mistakes and try to remedy them. We each have our chil-

(Continued on page 20)



JERRY: A DOG STORY

by HUGH JOHNSON

ONCE Mr. Jones' pretty wife, in a mood half teasing, half puzzled, said:

"Aren't you ever the least bit jealous?"

It was one of the many nights that Mr. Jones had spent behind his paper, while his wife and Roy Jennings explored the world of ideas and the several arts.

"Why—no," said Mr. Jones, as if he had never heard of that emotion.

"Not ever? Not just a teeny bit?"

Mr. Jones looked uncomfortable, and he was uncomfortable. "Let's not have a scene," he murmured.

"You're a funny old dear," said his wife, laughing. "I do believe you don't care about anyone much."

"Oh, now!" protested Mr. Jones, and looked hurt.

His wife perched on the arm of his chair, and pecked his florid forehead.

"Anyway, I think I'm glad you're not a jealous man," she said.

The truth was Mr. Jones loved three: his wife, his son and his dog. The fault was, he was a pent-up wordless, trusting man, having a prim old-fashioned fear of scenes. In turn, his wife began to think of him as a rich and amiable uncle. His son regarded him with awe, mingled with respect for his absentminded liberality. The terrier, however, adored him and made no secret of it. Jerry was the only member of the family that was never silent and a little uneasy in the presence of the master. He put his dirty paws on Mr. Jones' trousers, licked his face whenever he got the chance, and scratched at the bedroom door until he was let in to sleep at the master's feet. And Mr. Jones, who really wanted to love and be loved, returned the dog's advances in his shy, clumsy way. It was as if the dumb man found his release in the dumb dog.

Roy Jennings continued to sit with Mrs. Jones, while Mr. Jones sat behind his paper, or frankly dozed, or just as frankly went to bed, accompanied by the devoted terrier. Jennings was the perennial bachelor of that sub-

urban community. Thrifty ancestors had freed him from the need of work, if he chose. Jennings so chose. He played an excellent game of bridge. He had a voice.

He read the new books by the new writers. He had seen the other side of the world. Also he knew when a woman was wearing a particularly becoming frock for the first time.

He was at the house so often that Jerry eventually accepted him as a member of the family; one whose voice and footstep and special smell demanded no questioning growl. And if the neighbors talked and raised their eyebrows, Mr. Jones' stolid face betrayed no concern.

"I don't see how you two can find so much to talk about," he would wonder occasionally. "But I suppose—well, I guess it's a good thing we aren't all alike."

And having made that philosophical observation, he would be silent again and bend down and tickle the terrier's ribs.

One night Mr. Jones came home from the city when spring was in the air and in his heart.

All the way home he had let the evening paper lie unopened on his lap while he watched the everlasting miracle of the season unfolding itself on the countryside. The lengthening twilight; the soft haze; the shimmering greens; the dark, fertile earth; the smoke of fires; the full swift streams all stirred the boy that slumbered in the man.

Desire long dormant surged up in him, as the sap surged in the trees. Ah! but life was good in the spring of the year. And he wanted to get home and into country clothes and take his stick and call Jerry and be off on a ramble before dinner.

He found his wife behind her tea table, and she was as charming as the season, if Mr. Jones had been one who noticed such things. But he merely announced his intention, and added:

"Where's Jerry?"

(Continued on page 24)

THOSE DAYS OF YOUTH

A History of Student Activities and Life at Washington

by WILLIAM F. SWINDLER

PART I—ALMA MATER COMES OF AGE—
1857 TO 1903.

Those days of youth which
All of us spent with thee
Form a sweet history,
Fair Washington.

—Old Folk Song.

THOSE days of youth which more than eighty groups of Washington students have spent in some manner or other on the various campuses of the University form an interesting if not a sweet history. "Way back when" the story starts—before the Civil War, in fact, some dozen St. Louisans hoped rather than expected that Eliot Seminary would become something in national education; and the Hilltop and Medical campuses were not even fond dreams.

From these small beginnings have arisen traditions and organizations that have survived even unto today, more or less endeared to modern Hilltoppers. Exhumed humor of other days—just a little musty from excessive usage; student programs that have sometimes succeeded and sometimes gone on the rocks—all of these form the story of student life through the years. And yet it is a sad but true fact that only a very small number of Washingtonians of either past or present have any great knowledge of this story. What, for example, was "Grandmother's Day"? What was the Ugly Club? What was the first student publication?

The great war of Southern Rebellion was under way when the first five seniors at Washington took their degrees in 1862. The war had two direct effects on the school: first, it so reduced its attendance and revenue that for several years the officials seriously considered closing the doors of the institution; and secondly, it called U. S. Grant away to other duties, just as he was about to accept a chair in mathematics at Washington. But succeeding years saw an uninterrupted stream of graduates follow in the steps of the first five men of '62. Coeducation began in 1871, when the first woman student took a Law degree at the commencement exercises, which were held in a downtown theater.

The urge for literary expression resulted in the birth of a brain-child by the student debating and literary society in January of 1869. It was called simply "The Irving Union" after the organization which gave it birth. It was a monthly, and was succeeded nine years later, in 1878, by another monthly called "Student Life." No traces remain of the earlier publication, to the knowledge of this historian; but the latter brain-child has survived, if you don't know, up to now. Marvelous to relate, the "Student Life" of that period was even

worse than the one now, in point of typography and independent thought. A typical issue of 1885 contained: verse and items borrowed from professional magazines; note from Smith Academy and the Manual Training School; editorials; local items; and personals. Even this supreme literary product of Washingtonians was marked by attempts at humor, as witness this Advice to Freshmen in 1899: "The university is furnished throughout with fire alarms of the latest model. Should you be at hand when an alarm is turned on . . . endeavor to preserve a calm, impassive demeanor, and assist coeds to escape safely. The faculty will take care of themselves; besides, their lives are insured."

The Junior Prom is probably the oldest social event in the history of the school. When it began is unknown; but the earliest extent manuscripts speak of it, and memoirs of old grads wistfully refer to it as the school's one dance during the year. Other historians have thought, however, that possibly some of the four or five existing fraternities gave dances from time to time.

The university still preserves some of the relics used in the days before the Hilltop—when the school was located between Washington and Locust streets and between 17th and 19th streets. The Bible used by the first chapel is still kept on the reading table of Graham Chapel; and the copy of the Stuart picture of Washington was moved to Ridgely from the old buildings.

More athletic types of activity also had their origin in this kaleidoscopic past. Handball, baseball, and track were popular among the students from the beginnings of the school, and class teams drew remarkable crowds to see them play each other. Handball was probably the most popular of all, and it was during one of these class meets in handball that the freshman-sophomore fight began: some of the first-year men in the audience aroused the anger of the sophomores when they insisted on painting their class numbers on the back wall. The sophs attempted to climb up and erase the marks, and the frosh rallied in defense of them. The story goes that the battle lasted throughout the afternoon and far into the night, with one side barricading itself in the gymnasium and resisting all commands of authority to surrender.

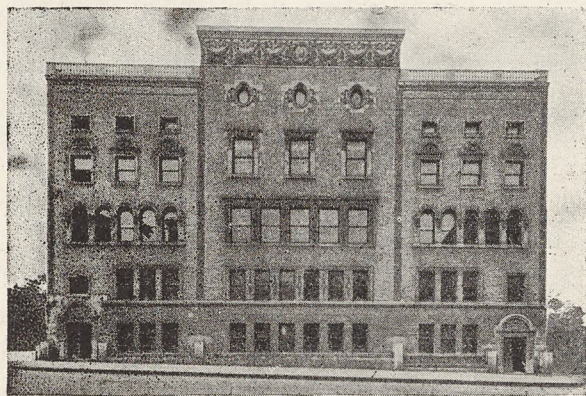
In track Washington has had a long and honorable history. A world's record for the broad jump was set by a Washingtonian—a record that stood for many years; and other athletes performed equally well.

Baseball—the “great American game” which athletic board officials have tried to declare dead on several occasions without success—was marked by tremendous scores in the games between class teams. One game in five innings went to a 43—31 count, and another in seven innings was closely fought at 39—31.

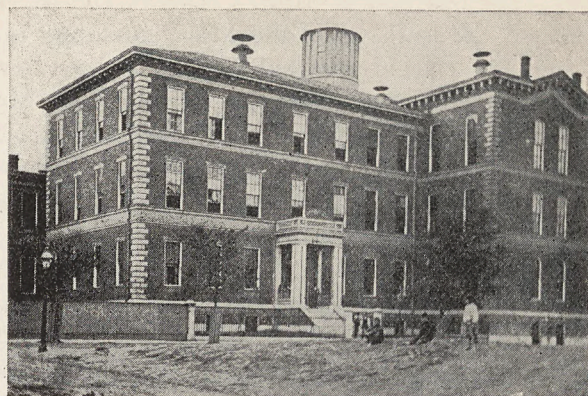
“Grandmother's Day” you may have been wondering about: it was the second Friday in May, and was so called because it was a holiday in memory of the mother of Dr. William G. Eliot, who left a sum of money to the university on condition that her “birthday” be observed on this day. Student speeches and general student-faculty get-togethers were the programs for this day.

For various reasons, as the faculty censors thought them up, the late “Dirge” within the memory of this generation died the death. It is interesting to note that back through Washington student history, numerous vehicles of student wit have succumbed to irate faculty victims whom they satirized not wisely but too well. At one time it was the forerunner of the modern Quadrangle Club that suffered anathema; before that it was the old Glee Club concerts; and way, way back—in the university's pterodactyl past—it was the student minstrel show.

For that was what the Ugly Club was—an organization which produced, according to its own announcements, “semi-bi-ennial” shows. One of the earliest machinations of student life, it came to being in the 1870's, before the university was yet twenty years old. Nearly sixty years removed from modern Coed Vodvil and Quad Club shows, nevertheless the spirit is still the same—as well as the jokes. In the centennial year of 1876, for example, you would have seen at their show the “latest acquisition, a Tin and Pasteboard Band, comprised of Missouri's favored sons, embracing one girl.” Such subtle wit as this, the Ugly Club evidently was sure



The building at 1814 Locust Street, occupied by the Medical College and the Dental School in 1892.



The first building of Washington University at Seventeenth and St. Charles Streets, built in 1854.

would convulse their listeners, for in a footnote to their program they added that they realized that the audience “no doubt will be unable to stop laughing all night. However, an ambulance will be in readiness for any who may succumb.”

It was the Ugly Club which was perhaps the outstanding product of the first era in Washington student life. It was immensely popular among students, and played annually to packed houses. Among the members are some still living in St. Louis—Thomas D. Miller, '79, and Louis Ritterskamp, '81. David R. Francis was still “Dave” to his classmates, and John L. Sullivan was the reigning athletic hero of the day. For nearly a decade the Ugly Club continued its existence; and then it was abruptly disbanded when the faculty “couldn't take” the vitriolic humor that was handed out in one of the satires. Firm in their refusal to allow the club to resume activities, the faculty had to hear the brunt of student resentment on this score for years to come. It was just—even in that first era of Washington—as the song, popular at that time, ran:

As I rise to tell my interesting story,
I regret to say my heart's bowed down with woe;
For I know you'll expect a tale of glory,
And I really must confess it is not so.
I remember, in my childhood's warm September,
How the students swallowed down with greed their
Greek.
Intricate formulations they'd remember,
For their heads were always tight and didn't leak.
Oh, when we've pedagogic duties to be done,
A professor's lot is not a happy one.”

(The material for this article was taken from account of early days at Washington by Professor Holmes Smith, in the “Washingtonian.” Other material was gathered from old copies of “Student Life,” copies of professional papers of that era, and the programs of the Ugly Club. This is the first of four articles on “Those Days of Youth at Washington.”—Author's note.)

WRITING advertisements comes natural to me; but this, this is harder. There's Louella, of course, and the tooth paste, and Mr. Nedike, and the two geniuses. I could start with Louella, and tell how I got up my own agency, and got Louella's dad, Mr. Nedike, to make tooth paste in his drug store so I could advertise it. Or I could start with the geniuses, because after all that part begins first, because we were all born on the same block back home.

What I mean is, they were the real thing. Not your long-haired musty boys with the black tie and the far-away look, either, because slacks and a sport coat don't matter when you can read a paper on catalytic processes to the American Chemical Society when you're 19, and get a Ph.D. when you're 21. That's Maitland, Maitland Jennessy. And Terry, he's Terrence Wilmington Manners, had his first book of poetry printed when he was 16—they really paid him for it in New York—and won an intercollegiate poetry prize when he was a freshman, besides a lot of other prizes, and two other books printed.

Where I can start is where I gave Terry the rum. That was the night in New York when I saw Terry for the first time since we left school two years before.

"Why, Terry," I said, "you old horse. How have you been? What are you doing?" Now, I mean you don't have to ask how somebody is when you see them humped over a park bench like a camel in a sandstorm, and with Terry's big watery eyes and his puffy head with that dirty-colored light hair.

"I'm doing fine," said Terry. "In fact, I'm a success. They want me to be the editor of a poetry magazine, but you have to contribute ten dollars a month."

So we went back to my flat with the bed and the couch and the desk, and ate something on the desk, and then Terry and I went to sleep on the bed and the couch. But before that we had the rum.

"This is the last night," I said, "and this is my last quart of rum. I like rum. It's better than whiskey. Tonight we revel, like millionaires."

"Fine," said Terry, "but why is it the last night?"

"Because tomorrow I'm thrown out of the flat."

"Then," said Terry, "open the rum—the million dollar rum."

When we woke up, Mate was there. Maitland Jennessy, the chemical genius.

"I'll take the flat," he said, "but do these bums go with it?" I heard that over and over again. Loud. Then I saw something tall and dark through the fog.

"Go away," I said.

"I'll take the flat," he said again, "but do these bums go with it?"

Terry was scattered out on the bed, with his clothes on. I saw him sit up and ram his fingers through his hair. "Mate!" he said. "Where in Hell did you come from?"

"From Harvard. I knew Billy lived here, but when did you blow in?"

So Mate unpacked his suitcase and we got two more

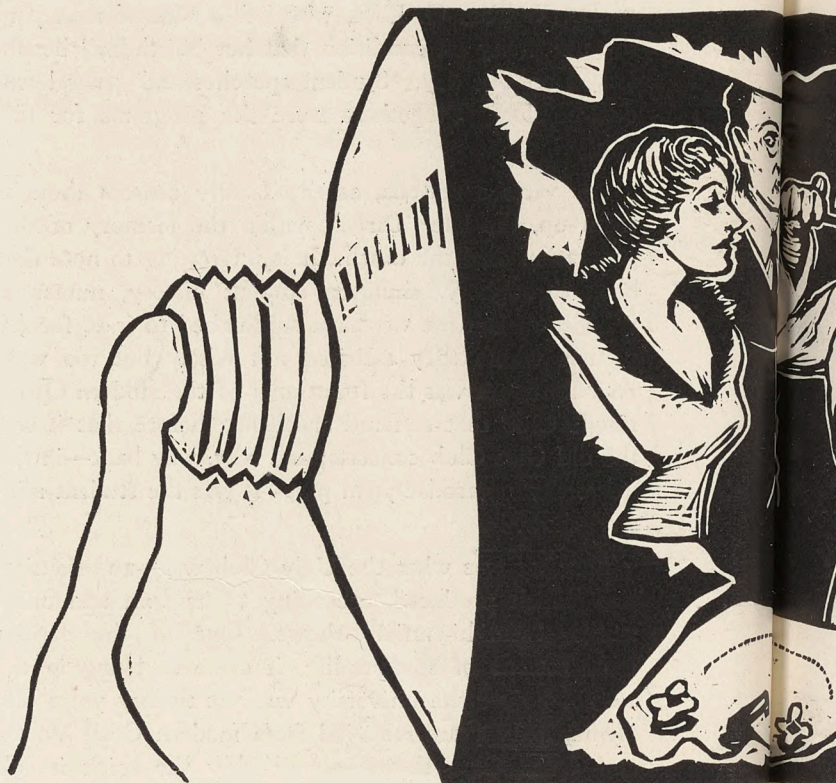
A PICTURE OF

by ELEANOR

beds. "What do we use for money?" Terry asked.

"I'm rich," said Mate. "I left my job at Harvard and now I'm chief assistant chemist with a dye works in Brooklyn. Twenty-two fifty a week."

Well, you can see the set-up there. Me, trying to put over a toothpaste and right in the same room the best young chemist in the country and one of the fanciest of the fancy-word artists. I mean, I figured it was just a question of time.



"There is fame, gentlemen, and fortune," I said while we were washing dishes over our scrawny little sink one night.

"It's a far cry from coal tar dyes to tooth paste," said Mate.

"Can you picture Shelley writing tooth paste ads?" said Terry.

"I can't picture Raphael doing a Fisher Body illustration," I told him, "but then Raphael had to walk."

You can see them, laughing at a million dollars with dish towels in their hands

"All right," I said, "but just go and see Mr. Nedike."

"Is there a meal in it?" Terry asked.

There was roast beef, browned potatoes, and broccoli, and ice cream in Mr. Nedike's dining room over the drugstore. Louella always was a good cook, but she never gave me a meal like that before. And I admit she looked pretty nice when she walked out of the kitchen with the roast beef and a little white apron, shaking

DR BEATRICE

DEAD

her rumply brown hair out of her eyes, and screwing up her straight little nose at me, though I sort of thought it wasn't for my benefit.

"I've been wanting to meet both of you," she said to them. "Billy says you're both very brilliant." So they got along fine, even if we never did get together about Mr. Nedike's tooth paste, which he was still selling mostly in his own drug store.

"Mr. Nedike is a bald-headed old fool, and his tooth



paste is probably rotten," said Terry. "But Louella—aaaah. So naive. . . words fail me."

That was just a figure of speech, because two weeks later he showed me at least thirty pages in his notebook, all written about Louella. I knew he had been going to see her every day, even if he didn't have any money, and they were good friends.

So it didn't surprise me when Louella came up to me one day when I was down to see her dad.

"Oh, Billy," she said. "look!" She had a piece of paper with writing on it, and I could tell from where I was that it was poetry.

"I was afraid of that," I said. "It won't be the last."

The poem began this way:

TO LOUELLA

Her hair is the brown of the walnut,
And her eyes are the blue of the sea.
I can read in her smile and her laughter
That Louella's the girl for me.

There were three or four more stanzas, and it ended this way:

I don't know how to put it
In poetry or art,
But what I have to tell you,
I tell you from my heart.

"Well," I said, "I've been reading Terry's stuff for a long time, but I guess you've started him off on a new style."

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Manners that wrote the poem, it was Mr. Jennessy. It's very good, isn't it? Straight from the heart."

Louella isn't what you'd call an intellectual type.

"It's straight from the heart, Mr. Jennessy," I told him. I hadn't thought he was interested in Louella at all, because he hadn't said anything, even when Terry had been raving.

"So she showed it to you, did she? Well, I like it. 'Straight from the heart,' eh?"

"I'd keep right on being a chemist," I said.

"Even if love is a chemical, you can't make love in chemical symbols. I knew he hadn't made much love, in any symbols, even if he did look smooth and casual and slinky.

"No more," I said, "than you can make tooth paste with a rhyming dictionary." I wanted to keep tooth paste out in front of his eyes.

Then Terry found out Mate was writing poems to Louella. He told me about it.

"Well, of course, there's only one thing to do," I said.

"Write her some poems? Here's my notebook. You pick one." He had never given her any of his.

"You've shown me the notebook. The last fifty pages are Louella Assorted, Louella Extolled, and miscellaneous parts of Louella. It's damned mercenary, the whole business. Here you are, a professional poet, dragging Louella in when you talk shop."

Terry was looking at me, the way geniuses look at people.

"After all," I said, "he's beating you at your own game."

"He's beating me?"

"Well, she likes his poems. She says they're straight from the heart, and there's pretty much headwork in yours. The thing for you to do is to beat him at his own game."

"Aaaaaah!" he said. "I can see it now. 'To Louella: on the Ionization of the Radioactive Elements, My Dear, in the Rationalization of Mercuric Oxide.' Something touching about that."

"The whole tooth paste industry," I said, "is founded upon chemistry. I mean, it must be."

It was a long shot, I admit it. But Terry was a genius, you have to remember that. Two days later—two days, mind you, I was talking with Mr. Nedike. Mate had come in with me and was in the next room talking with Louella. I didn't even know Terry had come in.

(Continued on Page 22)

SEVEN OF THE FIVE

by JIM MILLER

IMAGINE being one of the participants in a collision on the basketball floor in which you were knocked into a state of unconsciousness for a period of eight hours! **Tommy Ozment**, plucky forward of the Bear cage squad, was the unlucky party in this accident. Ozment is not the only Bruin player, however, who has had thrilling moments on the basketball floor. The first varsity game, the feeling of exultation on scoring the winning basket of a tie game in the last seconds of play, and the approval of the crowd received on leaving the game, are all incidents which provide excitement to the basketball player.

Hailing from Harrisburg, Illinois, a mining town, Tom has been taught the art of "taking it." By the instruction and experience he gained in that section of the country, Tom has been able to win the respect of all of his opponents in spite of his five-foot, seven inches in height.

Enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts, and training for the work in the Medical School, Ozment has shown that it is possible to combine school work with athletics and make good. His work in the scholastic side of university life is above reproach and his display of athletic prowess can be attested to by any ardent follower of the Bruins' athletic fortune.

Chick Droke, wise-cracking, genial representative of the School of Business and Public Administration on the basketball squad, gained most of his experience at Beaumont High School, where he was an outstanding athlete. He starred in basketball and football at the north side school and has shown that his recognition there was no mistake by his brilliant play on the gridiron and hardwood.

When asked to state the most colorful moment in his basketball career, he recounted that the Bear-Oklahoma Aggie game, won by the Washington quintet, 31—30, at Stillwater, Oklahoma, in the 1933-34 season was by far the most exciting and breath-taking. Leading by one point, with the game almost over, the Bruin team was making a desperate attempt to hold its slight lead when an Aggie forward snatched the ball and headed unhampered for the Washington basket. The crowd roared deafeningly, and the Oklahoma man sank the basket. The disheartened Bears, feeling the tinge of defeat, started toward the dressing room, but their laments were turned to cries of joy when they were informed that the gun ending the game had been shot while the crowd was at the height of its excitement.

Droke's largest scoring spree in either collegiate or high-school basketball has been limited to twelve points, which he totaled one evening during his high-school career.

Roy "Mickey" Martintoni is another hard-working athlete. Besides his brilliant work on the field of ath-

letics, he demonstrates a remarkable proficiency on the battleground of Physics. He is an exceptional student and takes his work seriously, mainly because he likes it.

Roy is probably the greatest basketball player seen wearing a Red and Green uniform in recent years. By his brilliant play in the season just finished he has stamped himself as a real player, supplying the winning punch in many of the close games the Bruins have won.

His high school record is indeed a creditable one. He earned a total of ten athletic awards on the teams of Hillsboro (Illinois) High School, the letters being distributed: three in football, four in basketball, and three in track. His greatest night in basketball was during his senior year in high school when he ran up a total of twenty-eight points. In track, Roy uses his six-foot, two-inch frame to great advantage as he hurls the discus. His longest throw is in the vicinity of 125 feet, a good heave in any high-school competition.

He refused to discuss his opinion of the co-eds at Washington, but remarked about his interests in the home-town, and practically ignored the actual question. His favorite professor is Professor Jauncey, because he is a "nice fellow."

Glenn Moller, Bear cage captain during the past season, is a first year lawyer and is president of Pi Kappa Alpha. His most thrilling experience in basketball came when he was a spectator, not a player. It occurred four years ago when the Bears defeated the St. Louis University Billikens in three over-time periods, 29—27.

His favorite hobbies are athletics, scouting and swimming. He also is a finished ping-pong player and is open to challenge by anyone who desires a quick defeat. He thinks the women at Washington are swell and his favorite professor is Dr. Lien.

Louis Sauer, up and coming sophomore forward, gained his cage experience at the Maplewood institution of secondary education. He does not recall his greatest evening of scoring in basketball, but from the exhibitions of smooth basketball he has displayed, it seems highly probable that he has had several great nights.

His most anxious moment in basketball occurred for him in the Drake game at the Field House in February when the Bears won in the last few minutes of play, 33—32. It was he who sank the winning basket with a long, arching shot from the side of the court. Those few seconds of watching and waiting for the ball to land at the basket were suspense.

Louis is five feet ten inches in height, and weighs 140 pounds. He is in the School of Engineering, his specialty being mechanical engineering.

The contract bridge fiend of the squad is **Bill Ens**. Although he enjoys swimming and horse racing, he

(Continued on page 17)

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

Dear Gordon:

I am getting pretty husky now and growing every day smaller and browner, though I really must say my ears are getting some bigger and my stock of lowdown has got so awfully big in the last few months, what with no column for the last issue or two, that I must practically flood this one with scads of names.

It was at the Coronado that Bill Ens, Gene Starkloff, and Fred Hunkins almost started a brawl. A short, dark man was having fun shoving their dates off the dance floor. But their fair damsels, Dolores Menges, Ronnie Shinn, and Juanita McFessel, restrained their cavemen. Johnnie Williams was measured for a sweater by Helen Ross; and you already know of that Delta Gamma who knitted at one of the past dances.

The guarantee of a husband to all pledges by the Pi Phis must be gild edged, Betty Fleck having decorated the second finger on the left hand. If they pledge Virginia (You-have-seen-my-picture) Kerwin, it looks as if the Hatchet Queen will again be in the Pi Phi chapter. Rollie Miller knows it not, but if he would cease to take his music so seriously and follow the bright lights, many a Pee Fee would be glad to tag along.

The new Babe Ruth in the Helen (Worry) Worrall league is Chuck Reasor of Washington and Lee, who has taken over the position of George Hogeboom. Stew (48 Varieties) Hines is demanding a lower fare on the "free bridge." Winona (Air) Gunn suggests that he get a season ticket. Local sports will not be a'knowing if Frances (Four Stars) Buss is acting or not when she bids them good-night. Though Clark Langworthy thinks that he will. . . . The Pattee-Purdy affair is now spoken of in the past tense; as is that of Martha Percy and Lenny Draeger. Delirious Dolores Menges admits the campus heroes are o.k., but when the off campus peacocks send roses, orchids, and gardenias it is a car of a different color. (But Liben Lorenz Bertagnolli does get rides with her to the TKE house.)

That ex-Hatchet Queen, Eleanor Ermes, is back on the squad and since Jimmy Vassy of Sigma Nu is elsewhere, she is waiting at the gate. Bud (Soft-Pedal) Pegram is now looking calf-eyed at Betty (Gymnastics) McIntyre. Betty simply looks. John Buettner and Laura Mae (4 H Club) Pippin have stopped going to the ice cream socials together and expect to stay that way "until the cows come home." Woody Ford of Sig Alph and Ruth Lange are holding hands, while Ruth Leilach does the same with her St. Louis U. friend. Hatchet Editor Dick Horner is being whirlpooled by the Gale from Webster, but "3 straws" blows none of the real makings his way. (Louise Kraus naively calls herself "4 straws.") For a while I thought it was Durand who jumped when Mary (catch-as-catch-can) Stobie pushed the button, but now it begins to seem as if the Stobie maid is pursuing "Scoop" Edele. The

Betas of Manchester Road are enjoying having their pulses taken by the nurses from Barnes Hospital.

Mae West jokes are echoing in the Pi Phi room. And Evelyn (Dulcitude) Bissell innocently repeats them to her dancing partners. If Bill Evans had sent her the valentine he almost did, by mistake, she would not be speaking to him now. Opal Fitzsimmons is finally well protected from interlopers by the wearing of Stuart Johnson's five-arm star. So now Luky (Harlem) Keeler has Flying Dutchman Duetting to herself. With the Mosher fiasco closed, Jocelyn (Quick-Henry-the-Flit) Taylor not wishing to be left home twiddling her thumbs, asked Herb (A man's man) Schroeder, the ex, to ring her front-door bell right soon. Herb obliged, but that was all. A Delta Gamma under the name of Avia Arpe having more than taken this Pi Phi's place. Although wearing the pin of a New York student, Dottie the Goslin still attracts the collitch men here.

Virginia (I-got-an-accent) Ebrecht still has not let Ray (Score Board) Hobbs come in between herself and Walter (Lord) Lorch. Roland Menown, the dark horse of Pi K. A., has at last reached the top in the affections of Connie Wiedman. The real interest of Don Wimberly is at home, and not that Alpha Chi. Jack (Never-say-die) Weaver has been definitely replaced by George (Takes-his-time) Mueller as Billie Docter's strolling partner. Jack contents himself with calling a Dallas girl who is in town on the phone, but is also making his annual attempt in Quad Club. Last year it was Georgea (Did-you-ever-see-such-a-fall) Flynn, and now it is Mary Buss' little sister.

The Schuyler-Lashley cooing has been interrupted by Bert Lynch and Adolph Conrad, all three being brothers—how nice! But Bert (Always an iron in the fire) Lynch is leaving plenty of loopholes with Gladys (2.3) Kletzker and Jessie (Languid) Connett. When George Bepfel sees Ham Feuerbacher with Dorothy Remley he sees only red. Harford and Sawyer; Edna Birge and Bob Elliott are carving hearts together, while Betsy Fox would like to be doing the same with Jimmy Gamble. Dorothy Scott has forgotten all about Art Langehennig and has eyes on the TKE house only. Of all reasons Maellen (London) Staub gave for not accepting Frank Swann's Phi Delt pin, she told the one about mother not wanting her to wear a pin. My guess is Lamby-Pie Hoag. Eleanor Davies of Phi Mu still bumps the bumps with Jimmy Gamble. Dick Jack was too much competition for the hand of Dot (Bright Eyes) Dittman, so Milton Mills has amscrayed. It is a Kappa Sig pin at Rolla that calls Vance Thomure away so often. The footbawl men have replaced Edith Garton's off-campus man. That couple who have visited the Women's Building six times is Betty Fry and Don McGill.

(Continued on next page)

ORCHESTRA

by IGOR GEFFEN

THE crowd is gay, finely dressed. The cheerful din of talk rises above the chortlings, and whinings of the orchestra's warming up and tuning. Suddenly all is hushed. The hall is darkened; the Conductor is seen threading his way through the violins. He reaches the podium, acknowledges the welcoming applause with bows to the left, the center, and the right; and then turns his back to us. He is ready to begin.

He lifts his baton, holds it poised a moment in the air. Simultaneously, there is a light movement in the orchestra as instruments are given a last adjustment. The Conductor moves the baton ever so slightly . . . from somewhere a soft tone floats gently to our ears. Another tone follows, and another, then another . . . and still another. The Conductor is building a crescendo. His body grows taut . . . then relaxes: the music cried out for a brief moment, and subsided to its pastoral singing.

We can trace the dramatic line of the music by watching the Conductor. He is the embodiment of the music. His feet are a dancer's feet. See how tenderly he rises to his toes as the melody soars heavenward.

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 15)

Myra (Associated Press) Kerwin and John Kane have ceased to tread the same path together, Myra thinking she wants to see where other paths lead. Casha Bull lets that Sig Alph in short pants escort her places. Mary Lee is no longer in love with Fred Bartholomew—nor anyone for that matter. Guy Bramon has reached the flower-sending stage with Norma (Pudgy Wudgy) Ossing, one of the twelve co-eds in the law school. Mary (Cosmopolitan) Wilson is making bored faces at the local talent. Of Bill she says, "When in doubt take Hunker." It is an off-campus smoothie Sweetheart (Elberta) Herget lavishes her sweetness on. That Phi Delt pin on Ruth Schmidt belongs to Charles (River) DePew. Orlie Wilkening wonders what is the use now that Helen Ross is engaged. Bert Kent, the Phi Phis will remember her, and Bert Kelly, an alumnus, think they are the ideal couple. A Lindenwood lady now shows off Jack Fendya's pin. Even as they did at Webster High, Jean Berthold and Bud Coggeshall frown at all those attempting to chisel. All emulatives with Jo Kumbura have skidded due to that Sigma Nu, Frank Marschel. Jack Losse writes J. F. in the margin of his books; while Joe Marlow prints the initials F. L. Ed (I got rhythm) Niehaus and Bob Hillman both think that Julie (Belle) Forgey is the Tops.

Your brown-eyed little rascal,

Ricky.



His heels almost click when a marital strain appears . . . and at the last climax, his leap into the air threatened his own equilibrium as well as the equanimity of the first row patrons.

His left arm, batonless, coaxes timid tones from hidden recesses, holds at bay bolder sounds, or batters into submission insistent intruders. His right arm . . . but wait a moment. The baton is cutting the air violently. Is the Conductor wielding a Big Stick (the musicians are sitting on the ends of their seats and playing furiously) . . . is he whipping up a climax, or . . . the thunderbolt has struck! There is a breathless hush over orchestra and audience. Silence rings in our ears!

Imperceptibly the baton begins again. Each tiny wave in the air is a distant drum beat . . . the heart beat of Time in the orchestra. The baton dances . . . castanets respond . . . cymbals cheer. The Conductor turns to the violins, waving the baton broadly. A song, passionate and powerful, is unburdened on waiting ears. The baton pleads with the 'cellos. They sing somberly. The clarinets complain. The bassoons enjoy their own dark dialogue. Bird-like, the flutes bid for favor. But the Conductor unleashes, suddenly, the trumpets, horns, and trombones. There is a dissonant clamor, but the trumpets speak the loudest . . . and the Conductor, with a frenzied flourish, drives all the choirs to join in the paean of joy.

The audience is immediately on its feet, cheering; and not until the Conductor makes the inevitable "charming" remarks in "delightfully" broken English, does it disperse for an intermission.

In the lobby enthusiasm runs high. The Conductor's performance was consummate. A dissenting voice is heard. "One should not give so much credit to the Conductor. The music would sound as well if he refrained from the acrobatic drill. I suppose that the audience would not . . ."

There is not time to set the dissenter right. . . the bell is announcing that the second half of the concert is about to begin. We hope that he will sometime discuss the question with the orchestral players. They will be sure to tell him that were it not for the Conductor's pyrotechnical display, his vital, and vitalizing, embodiment of the music, the orchestra, as well as the audience (with the possible exception of those who drank too much coffee) would go soundly to sleep.

SEVEN OF THE FIVE

(Continued from Page 14)

would gladly give them up at a moment's notice for a good hard evening of contract bridge.

Bill is a graduate of Central High School and distinguished himself on the football, tennis and basketball teams there. It was during his senior year (1929) that he had his greatest evening in basketball, when he totaled 20 points in an interleague game.

His most anxious moments in basketball came in his freshman year at Washington, when he was told to enter the game with just a minute and 40 seconds of playing time remaining. Unfortunately for him the play was not stopped until the game ended, and Bill considers that minute and 40 seconds of waiting the longest in his life. Ens is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. His favorite instructor is Prof. Cullen, because he is "entertaining."

Mike Zboyovski, forward and co-captain of the 1935 Bear football team, is now enrolled in the Dental School and hails from Benld, Illinois, where he starred in foot-

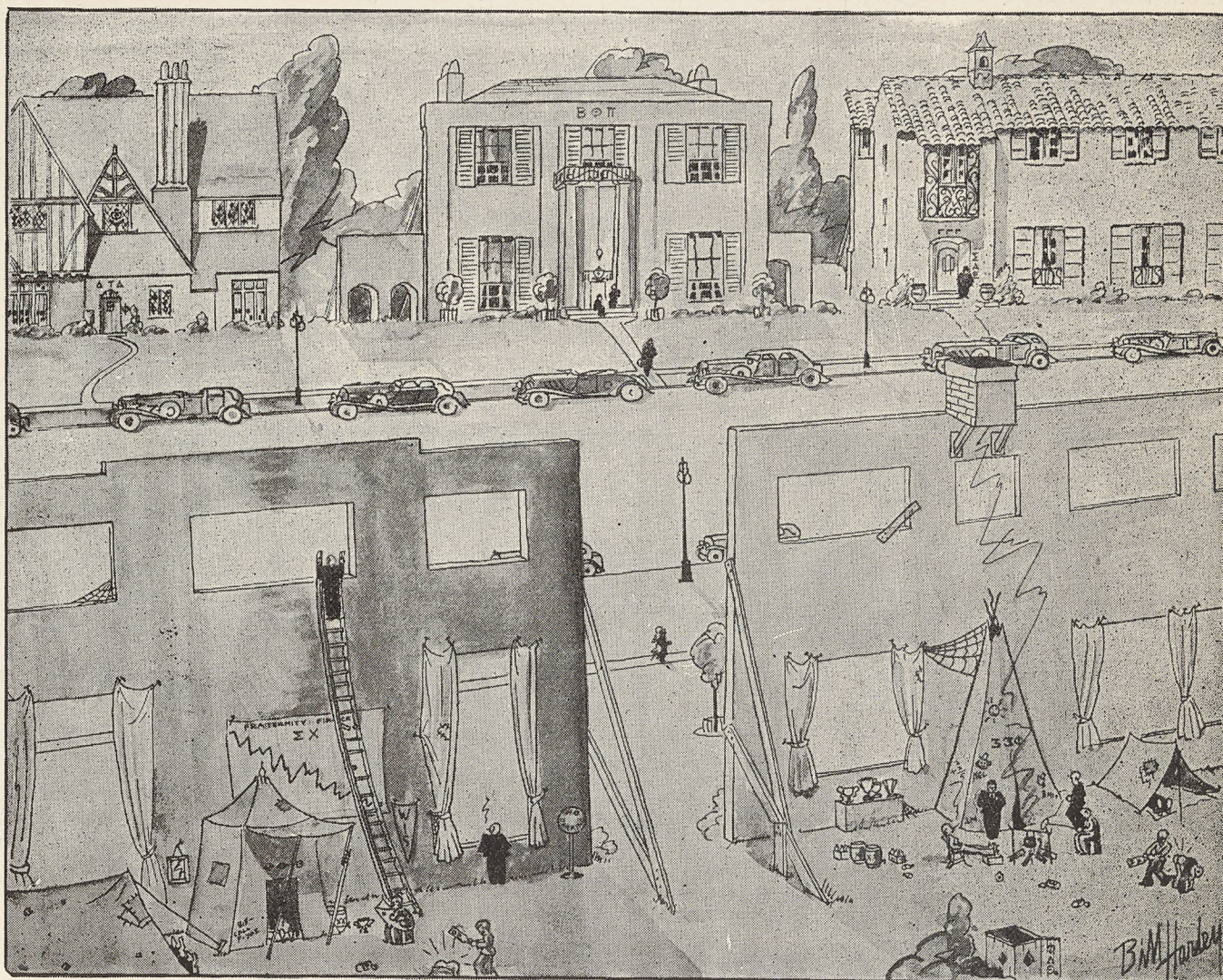
ball, basketball and track at the local high school.

He received all-conference mention in the high-school conference, to which his school belongs, on both the football and basketball teams. His work in track was done in the sprints with his best time being slightly over ten seconds for the "100."

Zibby is a cotton-topped athlete and weighs in the neighborhood of 160 pounds. He likes the fair sex at Washington, emphatically stating his opinion.

Quiet, unassuming **Bob Hudgens**, declared to be the most natural basketball player wearing a Bruin uniform, hails from Marion, Illinois, and starred in football, basketball and track at the southern Illinois high school. His greatest individual accomplishments were made in track, where he has been timed in the "100" in the vicinity of ten seconds and has broad-jumped over twenty-three feet.

Hailed by sports critics from all over this section of the country as one of the high-scoring sensations of the coming 1935 football season, Bob is a real example of modesty. No words of self-praise have ever been heard from him, and his popularity is increasing day by day.



The truth about fraternities.

Public Schools versus Private Schools

ANONYMOUS

AFTER attending Washington University for four months, I realized that, during the past twelve years, I have been guilty of having an unjust opinion of public schools. Last year I could not imagine that, in a university where the minority of the students are private school graduates, there could be so many pleasant, intelligent people as I have met. I always had the idea that public school students were ignorant and worthless. Several years ago I rode on a bus in which there was a crowd of students who were returning from a public school football game. This group happened to be common, rough, and rude, and did most everything from stepping on people's feet to breaking windows. From that time on I considered the entire class of public school students as base and ill-bred.

I had attended a private school all my life. My friends who were not my schoolmates went to other private schools. My parents and most of their friends graduated from private schools also. For these reasons, I had no one with whom I could judge a public school student.

In athletics, my school limited itself to one interscholastic competitive school, that one being private. I attended other interprivate school games, but never any inter-public school ones. I, therefore, was not in a position to judge public school teams. I had heard from friends, who were freshmen in college before me, that during the fall, the gym class was boring because most of the girls were ignorant of hockey technique. I, for no reason at all, thought that only those who attended private schools participated in athletic activities.

During high school I was constantly reminded of the fact that, in respect to size, social environment, and intellectual progress, private colleges were far superior to

universities. I was led to believe that every well-bred girl (meaning those who went to private schools) should go to an Eastern college to pursue higher education.

During all my school life, therefore, I looked down upon those who went to public schools.

Although I wanted to go to a specialization college (where my prejudice against public schools probably would have continued), I was forced to attend this university because of the depression. Here I have made friends with several public school graduates. In high school I could never find friends like them. I discovered among the members of my class a genuine feeling of friendliness, congeniality, and good sportsmanship, which was present only to a small degree in my high school. As for athletics, in some respects the public school graduates are faster and more accurate than most of the varsity players of my high school, a fact which shows the results of better coaching. Concerning intelligence, I never dreamed that there were so many people who could make A's.

Thus, the whole conception that I formerly had of people who went to public schools was wrong. I believe that I was disobeying the principle which Dorothy Canfield reveals in her essay, "Motes, Beams and Foreigners." I had compared the less desirable pupils of public schools with the superior ones of my own, instead of with those who would be considered just as stubborn and worthless if they did not have money. I had not realized before that, in some high schools, sports such as hockey were not taught and I was expecting those who attended the schools to know how to play the game. I had compared this group with my school's best players, not with the

(Continued on page 24)



"So I says, 'Why don't you call up that cute little blonde . . .'"

OPERAS AND JEREMIAH

(Continued from Page 7)

dinner time I was pretty much excited and when the door bell rang I jumped a mile because there I was all done up in curlers and in an old paint smock I had left over from the time I decided to be an artist. So Pops asked me what on earth was the matter and grinned, but it wasn't E. of course, as I had thought it was, but a big florist from downtown—the most expensive in Muddville. And there were four gardenias in a string a foot long and more luscious than the marshmallow pudding we had for dessert and which I couldn't eat any of, I was so excited.

By the time it was quarter to eight I had been dressed for practically half an hour, which is no good thing for the morale, and had one finger nail off to the root practically and another one well on the way. So when Ethelbert arrived I was very much ready and although it is against my principles I decided to go down right away because it was a little late, and not keep him waiting as I had planned. When I swept down the stairs, which are very wide and effective, in my blue dress and eyes, and my seventeen curls, and Mother's long earrings, which she didn't know I had on, by the way, and couldn't say a word about, on account of Ethelbert being right there, and then that string of too divine gardenias—well, I think I made quite an impression. Anyway Ethelbert kissed my hand and said something about "Lovely lady," and I felt a blush starting at the back of my neck, but I stopped it before it got any farther.

We arrived at his aunt's box, which she gave him for the evening, in time to make a nice entrance, and it wasn't until the lights began to dim that I realized what I had done. In all the flurry of new man, new dress,

etc., I had completely forgotten about the opera, which I had sworn I would never go to again, but would eat black walnuts first, and here I was. Well, it was worse than the first time, because I was supposed to be enthralled, and it's very hard to keep up being enthralled for three hours straight and not come up for air once with a good old American wise crack, which I thought up about seventeen of, but couldn't use any because of Ethelbert. So by the time everyone was dead I was almost dead myself from saying "How wonderful," and "Such tone," and "Such tone," and "How marvelous," which was all I could think of. My hands were practically black and blue from clapping and the more I'd clap the more Ethelbert would clap, and I couldn't let him get ahead of me. And then when the lights came on I looked at Ethelbert and decided another time that it was worth it, considering my escort was practically a Greek god and tails are really becoming to him, which they are to very few men, and Jeremiah cannot wear them at all, he is not tall enough yet.

On the way home Ethelbert said:

"When may I see you again, lovely?"

And I said:

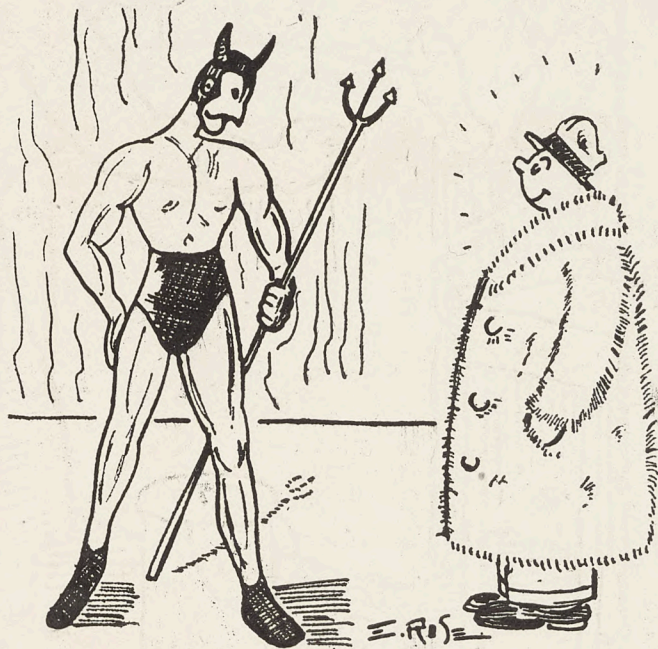
"I am terribly busy, as I am still in school and have such a lot of tiresome home work, but perhaps Friday night."

I thought that was a pretty good speech with just enough blase "savoir faire," or is it "sang froid"?

Well, horror of horrors, Friday night was another opera, and so was Monday night, and the next Thursday night. In fact, there was a month of them in Muddville, and we never went anywhere else, and I began to think that Aunt Agatha must have been kidding about the "risque" part. During the month I saw 6¼ operas and missed two hockey games, two polo games, a parlor date with Jeremiah when he was home for the week-end, one slumber party, where I lost out on a huge collection of current grime, and a treasure hunt, which I didn't quite miss, except the first of it.

It was this way. Jeremiah suddenly decided to come home for another week-end and Emelia found it out and planned a treasure hunt for all the gang, although she knew that I could not come because of another opera with Ethelbert. You see, she just wanted to have him all to herself because she was a little worried about her power over him, which she should be, as you will see, but what could I do, because I do not think it is right to break a date. It is a dirty trick even if it is an opera, and besides, by this time, Ethelbert was saying that we were kindred spirits, and I hesitated to destroy his illusion, which it was nearly driving me crazy to keep up, and I had dark circles under my eyes from lying awake nights and trying to think up something new to say about operas. So I went with Ethelbert anyway.

It was right in the middle of the first act when all of a sudden there was a big commotion on the stage and all the people came hurrying out and the hero began to call



"My father told me to see you about the new car."

—Exchange.

on all the gods to put a curse on the villainess who had just killed his lady love. Well, it did surprise me a little, but I had got to the point where nothing could make any difference to me. I was sort of asleep, I guess, and there was pretty much hubbub and Ethelbert was rising to the ecstasy of it, you could tell by his face, which I was pretty well fed up on the cultural expression of, by the way, and wanted something good and rowdy for a change. Then the next thing I knew somebody grabbed me around the neck and put his hand over my mouth and pulled me out into the corridor. I was not so scared, but only very much surprised, until I saw that it was Jeremiah, and nothing is a surprise where he is concerned, and I was glad to see him because he is so strong and has the nicest, curliest hair and a dimple in his chin, which he hates. He told me to be quiet, and I did, because you couldn't have heard anything anyway with all the noise about the gods, and he scooted me down the steps, and all the time he was laughing so hard that he could hardly do anything else. When we got outside he climbed into the chariot, which he calls Yorick, and I climbed in after him. Habit, I guess. Jeremiah is not very gallant. He says doors aren't meant to be opened when they can be climbed over, which they can in Yorick, because there is no top. I sat up and tried my best to look dignified and reproving, but did not do a very good job of it, on account of how glad I was to get out of the opera, if he only knew. And so then Jeremiah said that they all had to go out and get a long list of things and one of them was the signature of one of the chorus at the opera house and another the funniest thing you saw. Well, Jeremiah got the signature, and when he was on his way out he saw me through the curtains of the box, and there I was, asleep, and my mouth open, and I looked so funny that he decided to take me for the funniest thing he saw, which was no compliment to me, but I was so glad to see him that I didn't care much, and anyway I was through being surprised at anything; so I didn't give him my freeze act, but said I had only been a little startled. Then I asked him where was Emelia, who I thought was supposed to be his date, but Jeremiah said she wasn't so hot in the daylight which he saw her in that afternoon, and that made up for a lot, because he sees me in the daylight lots, and has never said that about me, and besides I guess my plan worked out pretty well, because he seemed pretty jealous about "That Ethelbert egg." So I said Ethelbert was a very fine man and very cultured and had been simply wonderful to me with the flowers and operas and everything, which Jeremiah will never had to know how I detest them, even worse than black walnuts. So we wrote a note to him and had one of the ushers take it up to the box, saying that I must go out of his life forever and so good-bye, and good-bye to operas, too, which I now know are poisonous, from my own experience, and I guess I shall stick to playing the piano for Jeremiah every night as he drinks his coffee with four sugars, which is not making him fat, like I once said, but only very sweet.

OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from page 5)

Kampus King

According to talk that has been going around the fraternity houses, various movements have got under way to stage a coup d'etat and enthrone a particular Kampus King. We have heard rumors, as of George (Barbarian) Miller, or even of the renowned C. Harry, while Student Life has been conniving to throw the Power of the Press behind one of the august Editorial Board. The cliques still have time, for the Junior Prom has crowded the King out of this month's issue. Within the next few weeks an election will be held on the quadrangle, and the King will be announced next month.

SOMEHOW WE GET THERE

(Continued from Page 8)

ish ideas of finance; we have our babyfied theories about Americanism, rugged individualism, and prosperity. We know very little about any of these.

By comparison with Frenchmen, we are fanciful; our theories about politics are all wrong. In contrast with the Germans, our educational system was asinine, illiberal; our philosophy, immature. Opposed to Europe we seem childish, amateurs in the game of life. Blundering, we stumble onward. And, paradoxical as it may seem, we get there!



"I forget now, but do we knit two and puri three or puri two and knit three?"—Exchange.

For Men Only

SPRING '35 crowns color supreme! You say you've heard it before? You have, and maybe you're wondering if a really noticeable color splurge will ever hit these parts. Men, this is the real McCoy. In otras palabras, color will be the thing this spring. It's bound to be—everywhere we've looked we've seen nothing but what would have once been decidedly weird combinations of what we've been told are variations of spectral wave lengths. Shades of wild imagination!!! What hues!!!

Naturally you're most interested in what is officially "country sports wear." Campus wear means sports wear, whether at Washington or Princeton, where, as you know, a good deal of what "will" be worn is first worn. "Yallers, etcetera," typifies the correct color scheme of this year's well dressed young man. It's impossible to name colors or combinations which will be outstanding—it must suffice to say that colors will be striking, and that the trick to wearing them to the best advantage will be to combine one or at most two "off-colors" with several other harmonizing shades. An "off-color" combination, for example, is a medium grey flannel suiting with a reddish brown chalk stripe, or a dark brown with a tiny square blue overlaid.

The rough stuff still goes—in suits, slacks, ties, shirts, and socks—but it's the color that counts. Imagine a black, wine, and white hound's tooth check jacket, grey flannel trousers, a white cable stitched sleeveless sweater with club striped border, a tan plaid oxford cloth shirt, and a fairly "silent" striped tie and you have in your mind's eye a key model, so to speak, of something very classy—the spring color awakening.

We predict, among other things until now regarded skeptically, that yellow and orange striped cravats will be worn with blue and white pin stripe shirts; that fancy weskits will be even more popular this spring than last fall; that greenish worsteds will have red overlaid; and that brown will be pleasingly worn with greys.

No fashion writer in the country, that we know of, has failed, sometime during the last six months, to comment on the "new" double-breasted jacket—the soft front, roll to last button style. We're convinced that it is sure to be popular this spring, especially in striped flannels. Noticeable features of this mode are the rounded effect given to the broad lapels and the placing of flapless piped pockets at the lower button level.

For the collegian who wants the last word in top-coats for sport wear there is the single breasted fly front covert coat with stitching on the cuffs, on the flaps of the slanting pockets, and around the bottom edge. The color is standard covert cloth—a very tannish olive drab which is soft enough to be worn well with any other color. One of the main features of this coat is its length—it is cut decidedly short—the change making the coat an extremely different addition to one's wardrobe.

To get back to color. We are told that grey and green accessories will be seen in great quantities this spring. A grey polo shirt with two green horizontal body stripes has caught our eye. Green socks, of the darker or softer shades, with grey or white clocks look well with most other colors. The same goes for shirts, suspenders, and belts.

What's All This About Bright Colors In Men's Clothes?

Relax, men, relax! Sure, the color line is lifted; and you're going to see things this spring you've never seen before. But after all, good taste will be just as important this season as it has been in the past and always will be. We'd like to show you what will be worn, that is smart, perhaps novel and yet becoming and in perfect taste; and there's no substitute for good tailoring. We make a specialty in campus and sports clothes. Come in and see the new things.

Greenfield

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*Roll up and no more
this and no more*

A PICTURE FOR BEATRICE

(Continued from Page 13)

"You'll pardon me, Mate," Terry said, "I have something important to say to Louella." Then, "It's done, Louella. With my own hands, darling. I lay it at your feet."

"Oh, how lovely. Your epic poem, you mean?"

"Oh, you sly joker, Terry. As though I didn't have plenty of tooth paste."

"I mean I invented it. A new recipe, I mean formula. For you, darling—"

Mr. Nedike, who heard this, too, couldn't hold himself back any longer. We went busting in on them.

"New tooth paste?" he said. "Where?"

"In the jar. Here, try some."

We all went into the bathroom, Louella, Mr. Nedike, Mate, Terry, and I. Mr. Nedike washed his teeth.

"Why, it's delicious!" he said.

"That isn't the point," said Terry, steadily. "Does it clean your teeth?"

"Why, it seems to. But man! It's delicious!"

"Man! It's Delicious!" As soon as you hear that, of course, you know this is the story of Nedike's Nut Brown. That's what color Terry's tooth paste was, nut brown, and it really did taste good. After all, "Man! It's Delicious!" is history now, along with, "Don't give up the ship" and "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." Right away you think of the smiling gentleman with the bathrobe and toothbrush. He was only on drug store window placards at first (the way he was before), but as soon as he moved up to the local newspapers and we began to send out samples, we all moved to a good apartment. That is, Terry and I did, and Mate and Louella got an apartment of their own with Mr. Nedike.

I guess I forgot to put in up above about what happened right after Mr. Nedike stopped talking about the tooth paste. Louella said to Terry, "You better just call me Louella now, Terry, not that I don't like you to call me 'darling,' but maybe Maitland might." And she snuggled up to Mate; so Terry put on the good-sport look and congratulated Mate, and wrote forty-three pages of lamentations in the next six days.

"As soon as we get enough money," said Mate.

"I liked Maitland's poems so much," said Louella, and from the way she looked at Mate I guess she liked him, too.

Though the stor yis really over right there, because it wasn't more than eight or ten months before all of us had as much money as we wanted. Right after we started giving out the samples, we had to go national, and inside of a year we were on the back cover of the Saturday Evening Post. Terry got fifty per cent of the net profit, the way they agreed, and you can figure what my fifteen per cent on the advertising runs to, I mean counting the Nedike Notemakers, Every Friday Evening, and the signboards and exhibit buildings, and all.

As I say, we had plenty of money, all but Mate, and

he was very philosophical about using Louella's money, because after all he used it mostly for research. He did some of this for Mr. Nedike's company, too, and helped start their line of mouthwashes and shaving soap.

Terry has forgotten about Louella now, partly because he married the star blues singer of the Nedike Notemakers, a very motherly little person. He has a neat little yacht, something like mine, and spends his time scooting around the globe and getting famous for poetry. What he said when I talked to him that evening he anchored alongside me at Lloyd's Harbor makes a pretty snappy ending to this.

"There's one thing," I said, "that has me stumped about Nedike's Nut Brown, and that's how did you ever learn enough chemistry in two days to invent America's Tooth Paste."

"Oh," he said, "I didn't learn anything about chemistry, becuse it always gives me a headache." He leaned over close to me. "You know Mr. Nedike's old tooth paste was very good for cleaning teeth. But it had no personality whatever. That's what I added—personality. Cup-cake icing, I mean.

"Cup-cake icing?" I asked.

"Cup-cake icing," he said. "What our housekeeper invented when we were kids. Remember?"

"The cinnamon stuff?" I remembered it. "There must have been something else, though," he said.

"Oh," he said, "I didn't get as drunk as you did that night. I took what was left in that rum bottle and saved it."

"Oh," I said, "the rum."

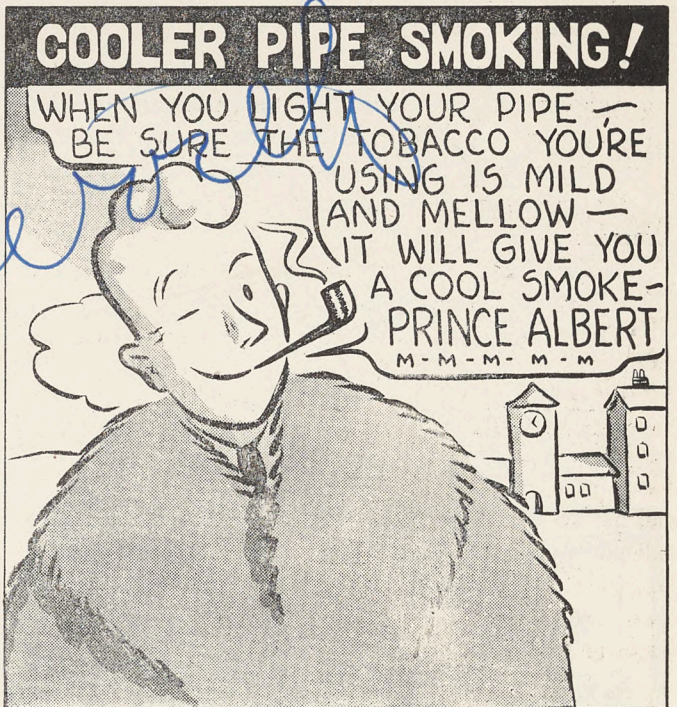
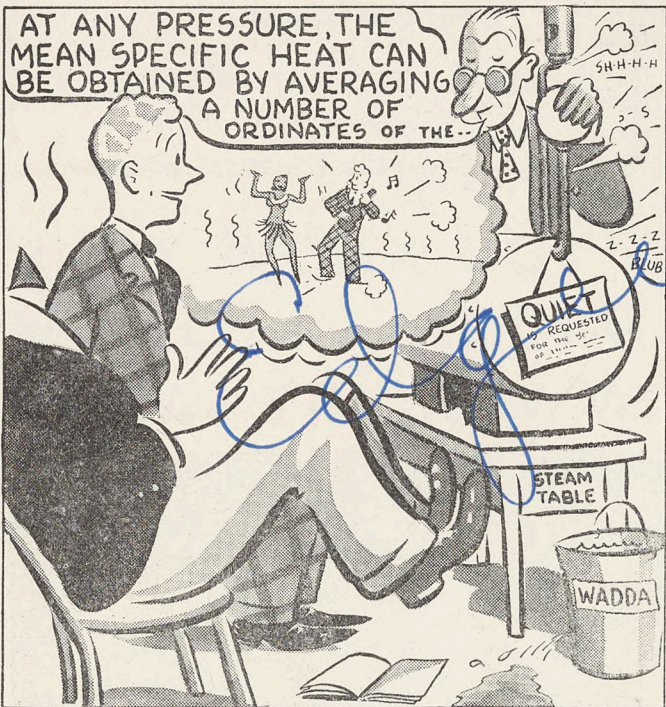
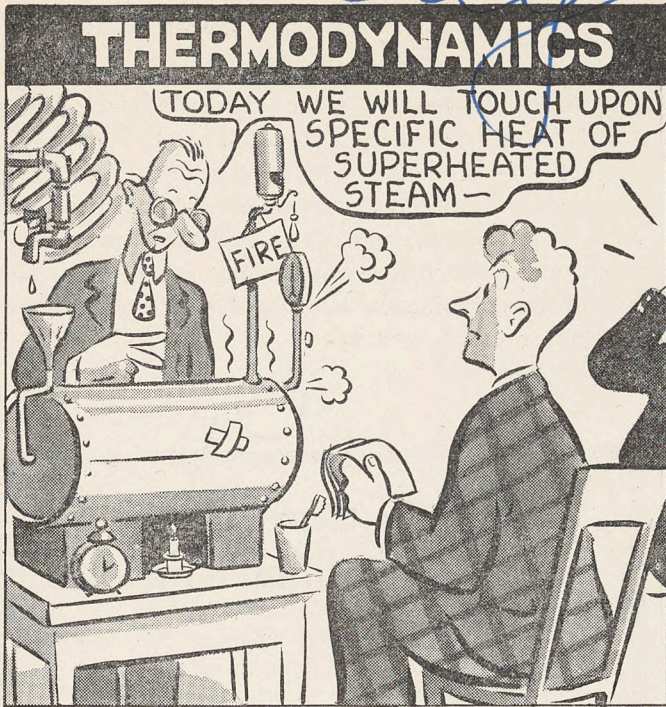
"The rum," he said. "The million dollar rum."



"He thinks he'd like to experiment with me."

--Exchange.

Edgewood



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LAND AND CLIME!

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*



JERRY: A DOG STORY

(Continued from page 9)

"Out with Roy," said she. "Will you have some tea before you go?"

"What!" said Mr. Jones, and his face was suddenly suffused.

"Will you have some tea—"

"I meant about Jerry," said Mr. Jones thickly.

"Yes, Roy took him to walk," Mrs. Jones spoke casually, while she busied herself with the teapot. "We've been talking about the drama club's spring play. Roy insists I must play the lead again. What do you say, dear? I'm afraid there'll be hard feelings. Roy is going to stay for dinner and go on with the argument. He really wants me to take that part. I wish you would decide for me. . . . Here's your tea—"

"Why?" said Mr. Jones, ignoring the tea.

"Why what?" asked his wife, looking up, startled.

"Why did he take Jerry?"

"But why not, dear?" Mrs. Jones squinted curiously at her husband's flushed and strangely resentful face. "Jerry was mad to go. He began to bark and jump when Roy got his hat and stick. It seemed a pity not to let him—"

The boy that was in Mr. Jones was swollen with disappointment and a sense of utter frustration. A boy has no past to mumble, no future to sweeten the bitter taste of today. There is only the urgent present, and, if the present desire is thwarted the opportunity is gone forever.

"I don't like it," he said sulkily, and averted his face from his wife's puzzled stare.

"Dear!" she cried. "What is the matter? Don't like what?"

"That fellow coming here so much," he muttered. "He's beginning to act as though he owned the place. I wish you'd discourage him. It doesn't look well."



"Not even beer, Dr. Fugue?"

---Exchange.

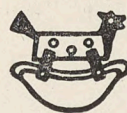
Public Schools versus Private Schools

(Continued from page 18)

corresponding unskilled group. Sometimes, in making comparisons, I was using facts about which I had heard rumors but not which I myself had known.

I have just realized that many of our women leaders, such as teachers, did not go to private schools or colleges, a fact which proves that there are just as many worthwhile people who attend public schools as those who attend private schools.

P. S.: I am no longer a snob.



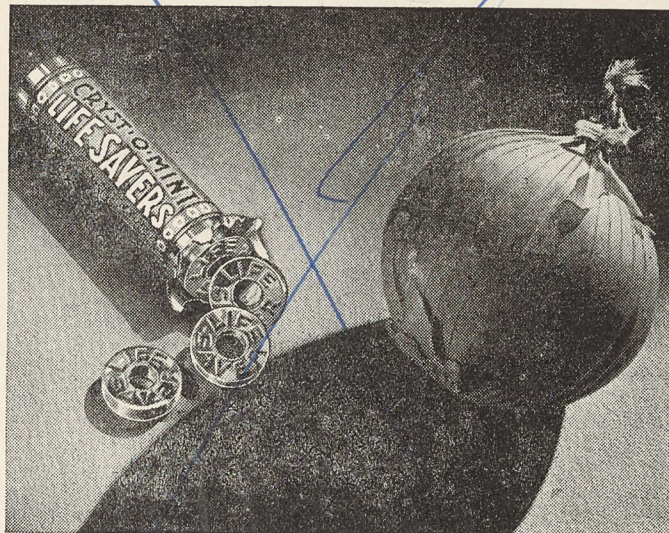
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IF IT HASN'T A HOLE...IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

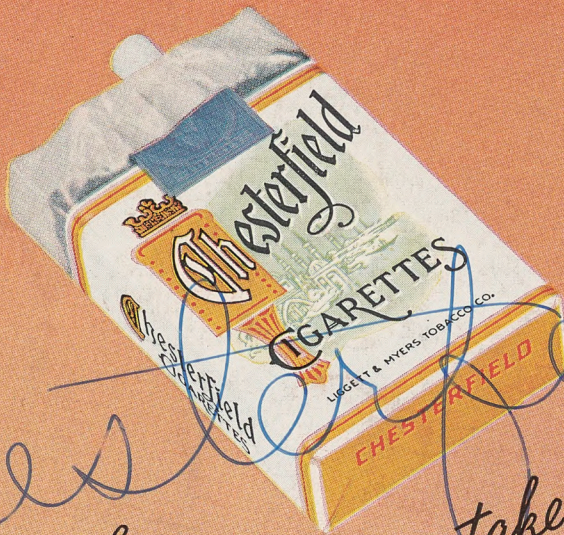
'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes - and ships - and sealing wax -
Of cabbages - and kings -
Of Kampus Kings at Washington -
And votes and ballotings.'

'But wait a bit,' the oysters cried,
'Let's postpone it for a while;
Too few petitions have come in
For us to hold a trial -
We must wait a week at least
To elect a king in style.'

Or, to take the words out of the oysters' mouths, we've decided to give this Kampus King affair a bit more time to ferment into something potent. A lot of embryo potentes have been seen running about, but people haven't quite made up their minds. Besides, by then there'll be a Hatchet Queen to go with him.

Nominations must be given to the Student Advertising Bureau by March 11, and the election will be held on the quad shortly after, the date to be announced in Student Life.

The April Eliot will disclose the king, and print his picture in full costume.



*-take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder*

*-take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better*



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Let This Right Rule